| THE MLLLHEIM JOURNAL, Deininger \& Bumiller. Office in the New Journal Building \$1.00 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE, - OR \$1.25 IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE. Ameppladle Corresponience Solicited. Address letters to Miluheim Journal. |  | Ler, Eitors and Proprietors. | aper for tha home | cirche |  | む |
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|  |  | MILLHEIM, PA., THURSDAY, JANUARY 17., 1884. |  |  | NO. 3. |  |
| THEREST THAT FOLLOWS PAIN <br> The night has come, and the starlight Falls on the restless sea Falls on the restless sea Like a keeani of thope thirough the darkness of a weary doubt to me. 1 see the toam of the billow Flash like the shiniug rain, Then frain Into silene, and shaw, Like the rest that follows pain., - amorful beautiful billow. |  | Ssida notitrg muplesant. He looked |  | What Millionaires Eat. | The Bad Boy's Fa in a Trap. When a man gets old and thinks | hemorots. |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  | gaged in every clateh and benevolent of his means |  |  | Yeatius mud smo of tho duest on the |  | The latest sweet thing in cradles.- |
|  |  |  | der emid |  |  |  |
|  |  | ter thar beakfat tho hay thonght sio |  |  |  | The polecat is supposed to have been the original " little one for a |
|  |  |  |  |  | been drinking gin, and haf held on to bearings when be stinel got to his |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  | Society is very queer. The people |
|  |  | a second time, but with no batter re-salt. Uncle Phil evidently did not hear |  |  |  | Society is very queer. The people most sought after are those who do not pay their lebte |
|  |  |  |  |  | grabbed hold of the corner of the fur- nace, swung around behind it, out of sight, and we heard an earthquake, and | "Every clond has its silver lining." The boy who has the mumps can stay |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  | ceme dowstirs aterer some sasidige |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  | (tay |
|  |  |  |  |  |  | sita |
|  |  |  |  |  |  | The man that parts his hair in themiddle and wears dude eye-glasses may have brain, but it's no fault of his. |
| ASNOW thought. |  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  | d | He inherits them. <br> If the anatomy of some people were |
|  |  |  |  |  |  | what they say to what they do, there wouldn't be anything of them but |
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|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  | who are so unfortunate as to re- |
|  |  |  |  |  |  | Firt, Amater (aferes apprano tor- |
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|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  | "When I marry, said a budiding |
|  |  |  |  |  | , |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  | mother. " You'll have less trouble |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  | and, as a true knight of old gallantlyconducted the lady to her carriage. |  | more of his company.' |
|  |  |  |  |  | A Pues Now in Fashion | I shan't be gone long," remarked Juniper as he left the house the other- |
|  |  |  |  |  |  | Vering "Xot going ouywhere in |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| What was the enabeat of |  | the |  |  | 'Oh, yes, indeed, was the reply; within the last month the demand has | Mrs. J., whose knowledge of Juniper's <br> failing had not begotten confidence. |
| ful mille, as thous |  |  | away in long and deliceous excitement. How much, think you, does he earn? |  | been quite large and strange to say I |  |
| Yous buid |  |  |  | A | celas many yb mial as Ido in the |  |
|  |  |  |  | trait he set to work, and painted a fewiron bars on the picture, with these |  |  |
| reverse, eonomy,", adided |  |  |  |  |  | sending to that milliner in Paris, and |
|  |  |  |  |  | ing the phece of pup, Come in and sece the cate? So sasings, the reporter |  |
|  |  |  |  |  | or more animals with long tails and hair sweeping ihe floor were playing | and then to have that horrid girl come out with one twice as stylish : Oh, it'senough to make one go into a con- |
| Wave. Whaterer |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| rateer war |  |  | two cents." <br> How to Amuse a Baby | $\begin{aligned} & \text { him at high presure- 'to have exhibi- } \\ & \text { ted her likeness under such scandal- } \\ & \text { ous-'Sc. } \end{aligned}$ |  | enough to make one go into a con- vent One night a woman was trying |
|  |  |  |  |  |  | hard to ret her drunken husband home, and as she pulled him along the street her words and actions were so tender |
|  |  |  | It is an inmortant question, and tre- | ous-'sc. 'Most noble lady,' was the artist's | parlance of the irade. 'There are also black and chinshilla |  |
| dald |  |  |  |  | cats, said the dealer. ones are the rarest, but the white cats seem to be the greatest favorites. | her words and actions were so tender <br> that a by-stander said, "Well, al |
|  |  |  |  |  | white cats are the pure breed, but that is not so, as quite frenly white | drunkards' wives haven't your dispo-sition." "S-h-h ? don't say anything,she replied in a whisper, "I've got to |
| Irale wheil |  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  | call him pet names to get him home; but wait till he drops in the front-passage-be there then! |
| It it hatit patstixi, nat do he has togot toa |  | him. A ruinous competition followed. No longer restrained by Un cle Phil's pradent counsels, Charles branched |  | Fortune befriends the bold |  | 'Judge, don't be hard on an old vet.,' <br> ploaded a drunken loafer, who was ar |
|  |  |  |  | Order is heayen's first law. <br> Youth should be a savings bank. Silence never yet betray $\epsilon$ d any one. <br> Remorse is the ezho of a lost virtue |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  | raignsd at the Central Statiou Court, Monday morning. 'Were you in the |
|  |  |  |  |  | $\$ 15$ for the female. <br> The dealer then explained the differ | war?' I was, your honor.' 'What reg1-myself.' 'No regıment. I sloshed around'What army were you attach- |
|  |  |  |  | e Remorse is the ezho of a lost virtue. <br> Patience is bitter, but its fruit is sweet.  <br> s quiet consciencemakes one so serene.  |  |  |
|  |  | Tripleton Bank became very trouble- some. One of tnem was given for a | ball of ya:n, a few empty spools, one spool of basting thread, which a ffords endless amusement; a few blocks of ir- |  |  |  |
|  |  | ing too fast. The young merchantwas worried. He had yielded to oneextravagance and there was a long | regular shape and brightly colored, andlastly a linen picture-book, a relic ofsome otherchildhood long past. These | A quiet conscience makes one so serene <br> Fools rush in where angels fear to tread. tread. <br> A good smile is the sunshine of wis | being the chief enemies of the felinekind. Each cat must have a hair cush- |  |
|  |  |  |  | $\begin{aligned} & \text { tread. } \\ & \text { g good smile is the sunshine of wis- } \\ & \text { dom. } \end{aligned}$ |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  | with cocoanut oil. Birds and scraped |  |
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